

won't you kiss me now that i'm awake

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/53574427) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/53574427>.

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| Rating: | Teen And Up Audiences |
| Archive Warning: | Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | League of Legends RPF |
| Relationship: | Lee "Gumayusi" Min-hyeong/Ryu "Keria" Min-seok |
| Characters: | Lee "Gumayusi" Min-hyeong , Ryu "Keria" Min-seok , Moon "Oner" Hyeon-joon , Choi "Zeus" Woo-je , Kim "Deft" Hyuk-kyu , Lee "Faker" Sang-hyeok |
| Additional Tags: | Fluff , Pining , Forehead Kisses , except not really , Getting Together , yes that reddit post except its gumakeria , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , And They Were Both Idiots , my hot teammate keeps giving me forehead kisses when I'm asleep , how do i tell him to do it when I'm awake too? |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2024-02-06 Words: 7,620 Chapters: 1/1 |

won't you kiss me now that i'm awake

by [zhonyas hourglass \(kirichin\)](#)

Summary

or

five times minhyung gave minseok a 'forehead kiss' while sleeping and one time he did it when minseok is awake

Notes

i was planning on posting it on february 14 for valentines but i finished it early, so im posting it today.

anyways i sort of wrote it on and off so if the pacing felt weird and there's weird discontinuity, it might be just that.

anddd im running out of gumakeria fics to read i have to start writing my own and feed myself i am crying, guys pls write more fanfictions, i am beggingggg

anywaysssss,

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO MY FAVORITE ADC, GUMAYUSIIII <3333 i love him so much
u guys dont get it

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

1.

It first happens after Minseok just about finished his stream quota and had well gone over it because he was an idiot with no self-control and was met with a string of losses.

And because he was an idiot of course, he decided to say on stream that he wouldn't go to sleep until he was met with a victory.

Perfect. Now he's trudging through the living room dead on his feet, bleary eyes just barely open as he slumps on the sofa and swears that he'd stand up after five minutes.

Maybe he was just tired, but the sofa was really comfortable then. Enough that he fully laid down and closed his eyes. The room was cool too, lulling him more into the land of dreams.

So he lays there, comfortable and so close to conking out when he hears footsteps. Instead of opening his eyes and standing up, the support instead decides to keep his heavy eyelids closed and continue sleeping.

Who cares if it was an ax-murderer? At least if it was then he could just continue sleeping permanently and he wouldn't ever have to make stupid decisions like streaming well into the morning.

With the presence of another person in the room, he was dragged a little back into the land of the living. But not enough to completely wake up. He stays unmoving, hovering between completely awake and completely sleeping.

The sofa dips a little on his side, as if the would-be-ax-murderer sat on it. Most likely observing him like some sort of creep.

"Minseokie?" The ax-murderer asks, quiet and careful as if seeing if he was truly asleep.

The tenor of the voice was familiar, the softness in it brings a warmth that relaxes him even more. It's Minhyung. Something in him settles from that. As usual, his ADC brings a strange sense of comfort in him that no one had ever had. A fondness that sparks something in him.

Minseok however, was too sleepy to think all of that. So when he recognizes Minhyung all that he does is to keep unmoving, falling even more asleep.

There was a movement after that, the sofa rising a little without Minhyung's weight and he assumes that that was that.

However, when he was on the cusp of losing all consciousness, something settled on him. Warm and soft. It was tucked all to his neck, the other careful to cover all of him to protect him from the chill that was soon going to settle on him.

The sofa dips again, most probably Minhyung sitting down once again.

A hand gently moves his hair to the side. The caress, carefully done to make sure he won't wake up. "You should take of yourself more Minseokie." The other murmurs, voice so fond that Minseok almost wanted to move if it wasn't for the coziness of his position and how sure he was that the sleepiness would fly away from him if he did move.

"It's cold here you know." Minhyung continues, his hand once again gently combing through his hair. The other then sighs, fond and amused. "Sweet dreams." He whispers at last.

Minseok thought that the other botlaner would then move away and leave him. Instead though, a palm settles on his forehead tenderly. He could feel the other leaning in, his breath a warm puff of air that almost had Minseok stirring. Absently, he wonder if his partner would kiss him.

But no other touch lands on him except for the hand pressing in more firmly, but still gentle.

A soft, "good night." was whispered so closely to him before the presence disappears.

Then he falls asleep.

The next day he woke up he finds himself blearily blinking in confusion. He feels like he forgot something important.

2.

The event waiting for them today was long and tedious. It wasn't particularly hard. But it included a lot of waiting, standing up, smiling, and pretending they were having the time of their life.

Not that Minseok wasn't having fun of course. It was good, meeting their fans, interacting with them. Seeing how much impact and inspiration he had on them when he barely knows what he was doing sent him into a bit of a crisis. The love and effort he were showered in return for playing a game he had once randomly picked up. It was unprecedented. All this.

So, it was fun. Mindboggling even. Sent him into a bit of an existential crisis as he stands and smiles amidst the crowd. It was fun. He loved them. As much as he can love an unnamed group of people that supports him.

But as much as it was fun, it was tiring. Enough that his social battery and his actual physical battery were running out.

"Minseok." A soft whisper sends him blinking his eyes open, immediately straightening up from where he was sitting. He sees Sanghyeok standing in front of him, worry in his otherwise calm face.

"Ah sorry hyung." Minseok says before yawning, sleepy and all too ready to go to bed.

“Wait a little more okay, the van is arriving.” Sanghyeok says, always quick to coddle and take care of his teammates. Without waiting for the younger to reply, he walks off and grabs an unaware Minhyung who was too busy scrolling on his phone.

“Eh, hyung?” The AD carry asks as he was dragged and pushed down to sit next to his support. They looked at each other blinking confusedly and their hyung who didn’t bother answering. There was however that little uptick of his lips that signals a little bit of trolling from the elder.

Sanghyeok instead wordlessly and gently pushed Minseok’s head until he was all but slumped on Minhyung’s side.

“There, now you can rest without falling over.” He says satisfied before walking off.

The two remain silent for a moment, confused and surprised as was sometimes the case with Sanghyeok before Minseok can feel the shoulder that he was resting on start to shake. Seeing Minhyung laugh good-naturedly, Minseok doesn’t bother moving from where he was leaning.

“Hyung could’ve just told me you know.” Minseok whines in Minhyung’s side who just chuckles.

“You’re not the one suddenly dragged out of the blue. I almost tripped on my face.” Minhyung whines. “Is this all that I account for in T1? I’m more than a fluffy headrest, ah really.” The other continues his complaint but otherwise remains unmoving and lets the support lean on him.

“Ahhhh how cruel. T1’s ADC won’t even let their support rest. The media will hear about this.” Minseok shoots back as he softly elbows the other who laughs in return.

“No, what about my image? I guess I have no choice but to lend you my strong broad shoulder.” The support guffaws at this, Minhyung pouting at the laughter in response to his definitely totally strong broad shoulders.

A comfortable silence settles between once Minseok’s laughter peters out. Both find no need to fill the silence. When usually if it was another person, Minseok would’ve thought himself to anxiety on how he can break the awkwardness. But this was Minhyung. There’s no need for that. He can be silent, he can be chatty, he can blow off and curse a storm, he can trash talk, he can cry. He can fall and Minhyung will remain, reliable and steady.

So well, you can’t really blame him for this, but Minseok falls asleep.

It was a quick fall to unconsciousness, the tiredness finally creeping up on him when he swore that he’d just close his eyes for a few seconds. He sinks down into darkness, just as quick as if he’d tripped into it. Except that it’s infinitely sweeter and more comfortable.

It was a light sleep, maybe a few minutes at most. Just enough for him to get enough energy back.

However, instead of opening his eyes and stretching the kink off his neck, Minseok finds himself staying still.

There was a warmth on his forehead, the breadth of the fingers somehow familiar enough for him to know that it was Minhyung's hand touching him. This observation awakes him enough to open his eyes just a slit to confirm that yes, Minhyung was holding him to ensure that he would remain resting on his shoulder instead of his head lolling off and getting a crick on his neck in return.

'Minhyung-ah, what do I do with you?' Minseok thinks, helplessly endeared by the gesture.

It was a struggle to keep himself from smiling and revealing that he was awake, simply basking on being with Minhyung's presence. "You must be tired huh?" Seeing as he was supposed to be asleep, Minseok doesn't answer.

But alas, all good things must come to an end.

"Minseok." A quiet call to his name comes from Minhyung. The hand holding on his forehead gives a soft tap tap before a just as soft, "Minseok." follows once again.

"Minseokie, the car is here."

Pretending that he just woke up, the shorter of the two opens his eyes and pretends to blink in confusion. Which ends up with him laughing flustered, when he realized how intimate their position had been. "Ahahaha, sorry I slept on you."

The other just grins back at him. "That's what you get for scrolling through youtube shorts until 3 AM." The other teases as he stands up and walks towards the car where the others were already entering, but not before pulling the support up with him.

"Yah, it's not like you're any better. Wooje told me you were up smiling while scrolling through social media." He shoots back as he steps and settles into the van, ignoring the Jungle and Top duo who were elbowing each other in another faux-argument.

Minhyung sits next to him with a laugh. "Wooje's just as bad. How come he knows that I was awake if he wasn't up too. We'll get eyebags at this rate."

"Not me, I have my skincare." Minseok shoots back which makes the other shake his head.

"I don't think it works that way Minseokie. What you should do is sleep more. This is why you don't grow any taller."

Minseok gasps at this but before he can make a disparaging remark about Minhyung's height the other does the same thing as Sanghyeok did earlier.

With Minseok resting his head on Minhyung's shoulder once again, he finds himself wishing that he's not as red as he feels like right now.

His heart stutters quickly at this, warmth settling on his cheeks and somewhere on his chest. Which is becoming more common with all the things that Minhyung does.

“Now go to sleep.” Minseok should argue. He won’t be ordered around by anyone specially after that grating height joke, but what can he do but pout through it and follow through what Minhyung said. He was already resting on his shoulder; it would be such a shame to not catch up on his much-needed sleep.

The thing is, despite the tiredness sitting on his bones, the sleepiness didn’t come as fast as it did earlier. He remains leaning on Minhyung though, eyes closed and face peaceful, as if he really was trying to sleep.

He’s comfortable enough in this position, no need to change it. And besides, Minhyung brought this to himself. He’s the one who pulled Minseok close. So there, take this! Minseok will remain leaning on him despite not being sleepy.

Ah but Minseok might just be in trouble. He thinks to himself as he enjoys the warm stability that he is leaning on. If Minhyung continues to do stuff like this, he might just not make it. '*Seriously Minhyung-ah, at this point I wouldn't reach Worlds!*'

Minseok almost moves when he feels a hand resting on top of his head. It pressed on his head once before moving away. The support mentally scrunches his brow in confusion, what was that?

His question was answered later when he was finally lying down properly on his own bed and a notification pops out.

zeuseuseus (•θ•)

hyung is there something u want to tell me

no.1 hyung

Yeah, give me back my charger i know you have it

no i dont hyunjoon-hyung took it

and no not the charger

It was literally in your hands?? I saw it?? I'm not blind??

whatever

that doesnt matter

*there is something more important
that we have to talk about*

its this

zeuseuseus (•θ•) sent a photo

Minseok isn't really drinking anything but he finds himself choking when he sees the photo, accidentally dropping his phone.

"Fucking-" He curses when the edge of the phone clips nose when it fell on his face. He immediately stands up and ignores the accidental heart react that was sent and the question mark of ' *hyung????* ' sent to him by the errant maknae.

Instead, he clicks on the photo.

The photo was taken was blurred, probably due to the moving vehicle and the attempt to take it discreetly. But it was obviously them. Minseok sleeping and leaning on Minhyung with Minhyung's right hand resting on the top of his head and kissing him through it.

He drops his phone again, his hands flying to his face.

3.

Despite the initial panic that had swamped him when Wooje sent the photo, Minseok was quick to shake himself out of the ditch that he had dug himself in. Shaking it off like it was a loss in a best of three match, Minseok was quick to get on his feet and elbow Wooje to the side before the other can open his big mouth and ask him a question.

"Hyuuung, that hurts." The other whines but quickly shuts up when he was met with Minseok's glare. With a pout, he slinks of his own streaming room.

"Nosy maknaes." He grumbles as he boots up the pc and leans back on his chair. And besides, does it matter really? It was just a one-time thing. It's not even a real kiss, isn't it? If you want to get technical, Minhyung didn't really even kiss him. He kissed his own hand.

That's like, not a big deal, right? It's probably even a platonic thing. Right. *Right*. It was probably just a friend thing. Minhyung and him were just really really close.

With that in mind, Keria sits straight and starts his stream.

Minseok stretches and stands up with a sigh. He picks up his phone from the side, a grin lighting up his face.

Minhyungiee CF•x?D

Are you done streaming?

You don't have to reply if you aren't

We can go back together, I'm in the caf

He leans back on his chair, giddy, the earlier crisis forgotten and compartmentalized away. Quickly he texts back an affirmative and stands up. He cleans up the room as fast as he can and all but sprints into the elevator until he realizes how uncool that was and proceeds to walk normally.

He presses the designated floor and pockets his phone. He smiles to himself, helplessly endeared by the Carry that waited for him. There was no need for Minhyung to wait for him. He could have already gone back alone, could have rested earlier if he did. But he chose to wait for Minseok.

Minseok's heart pitter patters in his chest. A thing that was happening more and more these days.

It was ignored in turn of walking out of the elevator and towards where Minhyung is. He enters the cafeteria, eyes automatically looking for the taller AD Carry.

Once he finds him, his face softens into something fond, eyes crinkling as he grins at Minhyung squinting at his phone, probably watching plays from other regions.

Minseok steps towards him, pulling a chair beside Minhyung. "NA any better this season?"

Minhyung startles at the sudden presence, almost dropping his phone in his surprise. "Minseokie! You scared me." He complains. Despite this though, he greets Minseok with a smile. "What do you think?" He continues sarcastically in answer to his support's question.

Minseok laughs at this. He plops down the chair and grabs at the opened chips in the table. He shoves a couple in his mouth and lets out a surprised sound when he elbows something off the table. "Oops sorry." The supports lean down to grab the empty bottle of iced tea on the ground.

He pulls back up only to bump his head on the underside of the table, "Ouch-"

Except it doesn't really hurt. Minhyung's hand was already there, cushioning his head. He straightens up on his seat, hand rubbing the top of his head where he hit Minhyung's hand.

It didn't even hurt really. The 'Ouch' nothing but a reflex. And besides, Minhyung's hand was there. Probably already placed when Minseok leans down just in case he hits his head, which he did.

His heart makes itself known once again. Making a ruckus in his chest, Minhyung's thoughtfulness a drug that wakes it up and makes it run faster. Something akin to adoration rises in him, warm and soft and something that only Minhyung can summon.

"Careful Minseokie." The other admonishes softly, brows knitted in worry. He reaches out to Minseok, his own hand massaging the part where he hit his head. "Does it hurt?" He asks,

leaning closer. His hand was tender in its movement, careful as always when it comes to Minseok.

The support loses his breath and softly thinks, *not fair, too sweet*.

Minseok leans back with a fake laugh, heart stuttering in his chest with Minhyung's closeness and attention. "I'm fine, I'm fine. You worry too much."

"Aiya, how can I not worry? When you always seem to get in trouble." Minhyung answers back. Playfully he flicks Minseok's forehead. "All that map awareness only present in game huh?" He teases with a smirk.

Minseok rolls his eyes at this, throwing the empty wrapper on Minhyung. "Shut up. Not my fault everything conspires to ruin my life."

"Aigo-ya, poor Minseokie. Come here, Minhyungie will protect you."

Minseok quickly jabs him in the stomach. "Squishy ADCs should shut up. I can take you." He shoots back and stands up. He starts cleaning up, gathering the empty wrappers in his hand. "Let's go back, before I murder you for real."

Minhyung pouts beside but stands up and helps him, pushing the chair back in under the table. "Is this how you treat me, after I waited for you. I'm hurt."

"Yeah, yeah, go cry yourself to sleep." Minseok replies and steps out of the door that Minhyung opened for him once they threw the trash. They go down the building, jostling each other back and forth, comfortable in each other's presence.

Minseok breathes out, hands rubbing his arms when they get out from the chill of the night.

"Are you cold? You can have-" Minseok immediately puts a stop to the other, zipping Minhyung's jacket back up.

"What I can have yours? Then you'll have nothing idiot." He chides, plucking Minhyung's hand away from literally offering the clothes off his back just to make sure that Minseok is warm and comfortable. The thought of that chases away the cold nipping on him.

Stupid selfless Minhyung, always putting Minseok first.

There's a heat to his cheeks as he looks up stubbornly. "And don't insist on me taking it. I won't risk you getting sick okay?"

Minhyung looks like he was about to argue before sighing. "Yes, yes. I won't." He concedes.

Seeing as the other won't actually do it, the two continue walking. As they always do, they walk close. Minhyung all but inside Minseok's bubble. It's okay though, Minseok doesn't mind. He's used to it.

The closeness however, reminds him of the damned photo that Wooje sent him.

He looks down, sure that he *is* flushing now. Forget the fucking cold, with the way he's blushing left and right maybe *Minseok* should be the one offering his jacket with how warm he is.

It doesn't necessarily bother him as much as it makes his heart flutter and his hand sweaty and his face red. Doesn't really bother him as much as it makes him hope for something.

Hope for what exactly, Minseok doesn't know. But now there's a certain part of him that was in unrest. A part of him that just wants to snatch Minhyung and clutch him close to his chest.

Ridiculous is what it was.

But well. To shut his mind once and for all, there's only way to end this. To see if Minhyung will do it again. If he didn't then it's just a one-time thing. Something he won't do again, so the 'kiss' was probably just a spur in the moment thing. If he did—

Then, um. He won't. Definitely won't. Minseok thinks to himself as he walks, head in the clouds with his hand tucked in his jacket.

He nods to himself at that and proceeds to trip when his foot gets caught in something. He wobbles for a moment, but not too long when Minhyung steps forward immediately. He grabs Minseok's arm above his elbow, steadying the support. "Careful Minseokie." He says once he steadies the other, hand dropping down to grip on Minseok's wrist instead.

His hand wraps easily around his wrist, a line of heat distracting against the cold. "That's the second time I have to say that to you today."

"It's fine. You said you'd protect me, didn't you? Are you taking it back?"

Minhyung blinks as if surprised. He gives Minseok a soft smile before tugging him closer. "Of course I will." He says, voice overflowing with fondness. "Doesn't mean you won't be careful though. I'll get gray hairs before I even reach thirty at this point."

So pretty. Minseok thinks. This big idiot is too pretty.

"It's okay, Hyunjoon already beat you to it. Have you seen his hair."

Minhyung laughs at this, and they continue walking. This time however, his hand remains on Minseok's wrist. "Ya, poor Hyunjoon. Catching strays when he isn't even here."

Minseok looks down at the hand grasping his wrist and thinks about how nice it would be if Minhyung's hand goes lower, those fingers going in between his.

"The moon is beautiful tonight, isn't it?" Minhyung asks.

But that would be too much wouldn't it? Too intimate. A step over whatever strange boundary they have with each other.

"Yeah." Minseok replies.

So he doesn't say anything. Just captures the image with his mind and continues to go home, hands swinging slightly in between them.

"Ah I'm so sleepy." The support exclaims as he drops himself on the couch. He burrows in it, curling over and trying to fit his body in the space. Not like it was hard with his small stature.

"You should go get ready for bed then."

He really should. But, Minseok has a plan.

"I'll do it later. Go on I'm just gonna check something on Twitter." He then opens his phone in a show of scrolling through his feed. When the shadow of Minhyung leaves he immediately stands up and grabs a throw pillow on the other couch and puts it under his head to get comfortable.

He then actually opens Twitter in his dummy account, liking and saving cute pictures of him and his teammates when he sees them. For thirty minutes he scrolled and stalked fan accounts, followed Gumayusi fan accounts, and funny videos of Wooje when he heard a door opening.

Quickly, like a child scared to get caught on his phone in the middle of the night, Minseok drops his phone on his chest and closes his eyes, pretending to sleep.

Yes, this was the plan. Pretend to sleep and see if Minhyung will kiss him again.

Ah but wait, is this even Minhyung.

Will Minhyung even come out to check on him?

Of course he would. It's Minhyung.

His guess was confirmed when the mystery person sighs. "I knew you'd fall asleep here."

He could feel the gaze on his face, and he resists the urge to hide or scratch his face with the attention given to him. He didn't realize how vulnerable this feels.

The moment lasts for a few seconds as if Minhyung was wondering what to do. But he hears footsteps taking steps away from him.

Ah.

Quietly he shoves the disappointment down. He opens his eyes and stares at the ceiling. Of course. What did he even expect. Stupid Minseok. Seriously. A kiss. Did he expect a fucking kiss? Why would Minhyung even kiss even? This is ridiculous. He is ridiculous. And Wooje is ridiculous for taking a photo and blowing it into something that isn't even-

Once again Minseok quickly closes eyes when he hears the door from the bedroom swinging open. Footsteps gets closer to him and Minseok wonders if it was Minhyung or it was someone else now.

The voice that speaks is as familiar as his own. “Aren’t you cold earlier? So why are you sleeping here Minseok?” Minhyung asks. A moment later, the support could feel something settling in him. Soft and warm, Minhyung tucks the blanket around him.

“You scolded me about getting a cold and yet here you are.” And it was endearing. This Minhyung. Talking softly to him even when he’s asleep. Scolding him and yet doing it with such gentleness it’s impossible to not know that he cares.

The couch sinks just a little bit with another weight added to it as Minhyung seats beside the ‘sleeping’ Minseok. “Minseok-ah...” Minhyung trails off for a moment.

Minseok doesn’t have to open his eyes to know that the other was staring at him. Barely avoiding moving, Minseok holds still when he feels tender hands combing through his hair. Once, twice. Then-

“Good night Minseokie.” Minseok could feel him leaning in. Could feel the weight of his hand on his head. Could feel his breath this close to his face.

Is he going to kiss me?

But all he felt was the hand pressing to him a little more firmly. Then Minhyung stands up from the couch and leaves.

Oh.

The room remains frozen for a second, then five, then thirty. The door closes. Thirty five seconds. Forty. Then Minseok opens his eyes.

“Fuck.”

His hand flies to his cheeks. Sure enough it was hot and flushing. He curves up in a ball, withholding the screech that wants to fly out of his mouth.

His heart thrums inside of him.

Minseok grasps at his chest, as if he can take ahold of the squirming beating muscle that was honestly showing his feelings.

He feels warm. Like sunlight spilled inside of him, golden.

Minhyung kissed him again.

4. 5.

Minseok wonders if he will do it again.

He feels like a soil, parched and drying. He wants for Minhyung to do it again. He wonders if Minhyung will. So he sleeps.

These days he finds himself actually getting enough hours of sleep with the way he keeps on laying on whatever horizontal surface he can find to feign sleep only to end up actually sleeping. His skin had never looked this good.

And well. Minhyung does do it again.

Not always. Because there will be times when he'd sit next to him instead. He'd watch him, as if Minseok was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen then gently wake him.

"Minseok." He'd always start, calling out to him softly. "Minseok." Then a hand dropping to his shoulder. "Minseokie." Then the support would open his eyes and the first thing he'd see is Minhyung staring at him tenderly.

Minseok lays back on the gigantic couch on the lounge in HQ. He's alone there currently, the others off and streaming or doing their own thing. He had just messaged Minhyung that he was here and asked him if he wanted to rewatch Jujutsu Kaisen with him.

In the tv Gojo was currently holding hands with Jogo, a stray thought of ' *I want to hold Minhyung's hand too*; flies in his head.

With an irritated sigh he messes up his hair in frustration. Ah down bad. He is down bad. "Ryu Minseok stand up." He scolds himself, barely watching the anime.

Minhyungiee **ㄸ•ㄹ?ㄷ**

I'm coming up.

You still watching?

Minseok reads the message in the notification, careful to not click it to make sure that it does not show *seen* . He then places his phone on the coffee table and assumes a more comfortable position.

He closes his eyes and waits.

It does not take long before he hears Minhyung's footsteps, familiar now with the number of times he had to pretend to sleep and guess if it was Minhyung coming.

“Ah you’re asleep again.” The footsteps come closer. The cushion next to his head dips down. “Ya Minseokie are you okay? I keep on seeing you asleep more lately. You’re not getting sick are you?” Minseok feels a stray of guilt at that, hearing the worry in Minhyung’s voice.

The guilt flees for a moment when he feels a finger poke his cheeks. “Minseokieeee.” Minhyung whispers fondly. Minseok lives through a few more pokes in his cheeks.

He wonders then if Minhyung will kiss him again today or just wake him up.

“You’re too cute.” Minhyung whispers again, voice dripping with affection. Warm hands caress his cheek, a thumb softly tracing a line below his eye. “Minseokie is too pretty.” He adds.

Then there it is again, the fingers through his hair. Minhyung leaning down, warm air on his face. Will Minhyung kiss him for real this time?

But all that happens was the hand on his forehead pressing more firmly. Minhyung pulls back.

Minseok wishes that Minhyung will do this when he was awake. When he can see his face, can trace the affection on his eyes. So Minseok can kiss him back.

“Minseok.” Minhyung says, louder this time. Probably meant to wake him up. “Minseok.” He says again, the hand drops down to his shoulder, shaking him awake. “Minseokie.”

Minseok blinks his eyes open and there it is, the first thing he sees. Minhyung’s handsome face smiling down at him affectionately.

Minseok is well and truly fucked.

He might just be in love with Minhyung.

+1.

Minseok breathes in deeply and breathes out. He’s calm, utterly calm, definitely not losing his shit.

He brings his face into his hand and absolutely loses his shit.

Hyunjoon who only came to the kitchen to grab a drink gave the other a side eye and a wide berth as he goes the long way to get to the refrigerator. “Do I even want to ask?” He says as he takes a bottle of water and steals Wooje’s chocolate pudding. That’s what he gets for stealing Hyunjoon’s the other week. He opens it and spoons a bite. Revenge is sweet.

As expected Minseok barely gives him a look and grumbles a, “Go away.”

The jungler shrugs, does not go away, and waits.

Predictably Minseok drags his hand down his face and looks at Hyunjoon and asks, “If say, hypothetically, your friend, a very close friend, very platonic friend, gives you a goodnight—is it even- anyways, gives you a kiss when you’re asleep, does that mean anything?”

“Minhyung gave you a goodnight kiss?”

The support lets out a noise that Hyunjoon can’t describe and proceeds to throw the nearest thing in his hand, which happened to be a bag of chips thank god. “No, he didn’t!”

Hyunjoon barely dodges the food turned projectile. “Hey no throwing! It’s not my fault you’re having a crisis!”

“I said hypothetically! And I didn’t say anything about Minhyung!”

“Well who else would it be? Hyukkyu-hyung?” Minseok groans out loud and throws the chocolate bar next to him. This one Hyunjoon dodges too. Hyunjoon is about to throw back the chips before pausing. “Wait, it isn’t Hyukkyu-hyung right?” He asks, actually sounding worried. “Minhyung will *cry*. ”

“Of course it’s not Hyukkyu-hyung! Why would it be him?”

“Ah, so it is Minhyung!”

“It’s not- I didn’t- it’s hypothetical!”

The two snap their heads to the entrance of the kitchen when someone cleared their throat. “No shouting.” Sanghyeok reminds them gently. He turns as if to move out before turning back again, “Minhyung gave you a goodnight kiss?”

Minseok face palms so hard he’s almost amazed he hadn’t rearranged his face.

Everyone in T1 is stupid. Minseok had decided. He’s going to murder everyone, stuff them into a bag, and go to Worlds alone. Yes, even Sanghyeok-hyung.

It’s time to call the cavalry.

Minseok rings Hyukkyu.

“Hyuuung.” He says before the older can get in a word. “I have a problem.”

So now here they are in a coffee shop with Minseok sipping on his strawberry cheesecake frappucino with Hyukkyu because the other refused to help Minseok drink his problems away.

“Hyuuuung.” Minseok whines again.

“Are you okay? What happened?”

Minseok sighs playing with straw in his drink and wonders how he should begin. He spins the straw around, swirling the cream with the syrup. “Minhyung keeps on kissing me when I was asleep.” He trails off once he said those words, flushing. He hides his face in his hand and groans. Okay, that’s a bad start.

“Are you fine with that, is this something I should talk to Sanghyeok about?”

“Hyung no! No.” The support waves his hand, as if waving the thought away. “It’s not anything bad. He’s not like, doing anything I don’t want. And it’s not even like a real kiss.” Minhyung absolutely does not say the end in disappointment.

“He just gives me a sort of forehead kiss. Not really. He does this thing where he places his hand on my forehead then he kisses his hand. So he’s kissing me in the forehead, sort of. Through his hand.” Minseok says haltingly. Not knowing how to explain it. “He does this.” He continues then demonstrates it by placing his hand over his other hand and kissing it.

Hyukkyu hums in understanding. “Ah, I see.”

“Yes. And- it's so-he's-” Minseok waves his hand around, trying to explain his feelings into words. He ends up letting out an unintelligible sound as he hides his face into his hands. Hyukkyu nods, as if those were enough for him to get what Minseok was saying.

“He does that and you like it.” Hyukkyu says which Minseok nods in agreement furiously. “You think that it was sweet and very thoughtful.”

“You get it!” Minseok says. He groans once again and takes a sip of his too sweet frappucino. “He’s just so *so*- he's so you know-”

“Hmmm.” Hyukkyu agrees again despite Minseok not saying anything substantial. And this is why Hyukkyu is his favorite hyung. He just gets it.

“So what’s the problem?”

“The problem is,” Minseok trails off and looks at his pink drink. “The problem is I want him to do it when I’m awake too.” He says, voice quieting at the end. “I don’t know hyung. I just- he's so-” And off he is again, unable to encapsulate what he feels towards Minhyung.

Hyukkyu drinks his own too sweet frappucino because he let Minseok order and watch the other attempt to articulate his feelings. He takes a bite of the strawberry swiss roll, *not too sweet good*, and takes another. This goes on for a few moments before Hyukkyu feels bad enough to interrupt.

“Minseok. What do you feel about Minhyung?”

“I-” Minseok goes redder if even possible. “I’m you know-”

Hyukkyu raises an eyebrow at this and decides it's the time where he doesn't understand Minseok. "I don't know Minseok."

"Hyuuung. You're really going to make me say it?"

"..."

"Fine. I- He- I'm-" Minseok chokes in his words. "I love him hyung." He whispers at the end. And saying it feels strangely freeing. Like a secret finally uncovered is a weight out of his shoulders. "I love Minhyung." He says a little bit louder, firmer and surer.

Hyukkyu smiles at him. "It's not really me you have to say it to." Hyukkyu says. "I think you already know the answer to your problem Minseok-ah."

Minseok does not like this. "I don't want to. It's scary."

"Well, there's really only one way for him to know right?"

He slams open Minhyung's door. All but ready to confront him, fake bravery in his veins and Hyukkyu's little peptalk.

He was however, met with an empty room.

He groans to himself and contemplates just doing this another day. But he knows himself. If he backed down, then he would just continue to do so. Procrastinating until he has no choice but to do it because Hyukkyu will be this close to murdering him.

So instead of backing down, Minseok walks in like he owns the place and lays down on Minhyung's bed.

He lays down and spreads his arms out, taking as much space as he can.

The pillows smells like Minhyung. Comforting and familiar, a little bit like citrus, clean and refreshing. Minseok lays on his side and shoves his face on Minhyung's pillow. He smells like summer. The sun. Warm and bright Minhyung. Always so attentive when it comes to Minseok, affection clear in his gaze when he directs his attention to the support.

It used to make him feel high-strung, Minhyung had always been a little intense. But Minseok finds that he doesn't mind it now. Craves for it at times. Minhyung's attention does not prick in the way that strangers do. No. It makes him stand straighter, prouder, like he can take everything as long as Minhyung's eyes keeps itself on him.

Ah, Minseok really does like him.

Those were his last fading thoughts before he finds himself drifting off, the bed soft on his skin and the smell of Minhyung a comforting presence.

So he sleeps.

But as if his body is wired towards Minhyung, he finds himself waking up when he feels a familiar hand combing through his hair.

He does not open his eyes, maintains them closed as he enjoys the moment.

“Now you’re sleeping here. You’re just sleeping everywhere, aren’t you?” Minhyung asks in that soft whisper that he does whenever he talks to Minseok when Minseok was sleeping.

“Stealing my bed, just because you’re cute doesn’t mean you can get away with everything.”

Silence descends between two, warm and calming.

The hand moving, the warmth settling on his forehead.

Then he could feel it, Minhyung leaning in.

Will it be this time? Will Minhyung kiss him once again?

But all that happened was the hand pressing more firmly against his forehead. He kissed him again. “Sweet dreams Minseok.”

And Minseok feels full. So full, he doesn’t know what to do. Stuffed to the brim with sunlight. What can he do? His heart flutters, his blood pumps, and he thinks *'ah so this is what's like to be treated with tenderness .'*

I love you. He wants to say. I don’t like the sun that much but you make me love it. Because you are like one, so bright, condensed heat and warmth. Your gaze seers my skin. You light me on fire. And I’m always warm. Always. My days are bright because of you. And I don’t think I’ll be fine without you.

But what he says instead was, “Minhyung.” He opens his eyes.

Minhyung pulls back so quickly Minseok wonders if he got a whiplash. He knew he surprised him, there was guilt on his face, a sort of fear that Minseok wanted to wipe away.

“Ah, Haha. Did I wake you up?” Minhyung asks, eyes not meeting Minseok’s. “I was trying to wake you up because it’s cold here and- “

“You don’t need to wait until I’m asleep to give me a kiss.” Minseok cuts him off. The taller looks at him in surprise then, eyes widening. He opens his mouth then closes it, opens it again then closes it. Looking a little like a fish out of water.

Minseok sits up from where he was lying down and bravely says, “Minhyung I think I’m in love with you.”

It's gradual but Minseok can see it, red suffuses Minhyung's cheeks.

"Ah." He manages to say, flustered. He bets that this was what Minseok looked like while talking to Hyukkyu-hyung earlier, flushing and tongue-tied, barely able to form words.

He likes this. He thinks. That it wasn't just himself who was in over their head, giddy and blushing. It's nice to see that he has that effect on Minhyung too. So he reaches out, cups Minhyung's warm cheeks and says again. "I think I'm in love with you Minhyung."

"Minseokie-" Minhyung says before he moves forward shoving his face on Minseok's shoulder. He curls over Minseok, clutching at him, and hiding his face at the crook of Minseok's neck like a particularly large baby bear.

This close he could feel the warmth of Minhyung's face on the skin of his neck. Minhyung's hands that was clutching at his clothes was trembling slightly, as if unable to hold onto his emotions. "That is unfair. My heart is beating too fast, wait." The other mumbles on his shoulders.

Minseok giggles, feeling overwarm and giddy. He hugs Minhyung back, one hand over his back and the other at the back of his head. He pats his head, fondness and affection rising within him that he feels like he's going to start throwing up cartoon hearts or something. "There, there. Take your time Minhyungie."

Minhyung squeezes him tighter, before loosening his hold. He pulls back slowly, still red in the face. Minseok lets him, arms sliding off Minhyung until he was holding his hands instead. "You can't just- you can't just spring that on me. My heart wasn't prepared."

Minseok grins back at him. "Sorry, sorry. I'll warn you next time."

"And what do you mean you think?" Minhyung pouts at him. "You're not sure that you love me?"

Minseok laughs again, feeling like bubbles is rising in him. This is familiar, this banter. Of course, it was just so them that this would still happen when Minseok is confessing. "Ya- you sure are complaining a lot for someone who hasn't even said it."

A chuckle bubble out of Minhyung. This time it was Minhyung who grasps his cheek, tenderly, like Minseok was something dainty and beautiful. It was so ridiculous how it makes his heart ache.

"Minseok," He starts. His thumb grazes below his eyes, tracing the beauty mark. And because he just has to one up Minseok he says, "I love you."

And ah-

He gets Minhyung now. Warm, he feels warm. Like he chugged liquified sunlight. He's buzzing with something he can't name. Just that, he's happy. So happy. He wonders if this was what binary stars feels like. To have a star so close to you, bright and brilliant, pulling you close, closer. And you know this is what that other star feels too. Because you are one

too, to them that is. And Minseok thinks that he doesn't mind collision if this is what it feels like. If Minhyung is who he feels this with. And does that make sense? It probably doesn't. Just that, "I love you too." He says. Surety strong on his voice.

Because what can this feeling be anything but that?

Minhyung smiles widely. Beautiful. His eyes crinkle at the edges, face so bright and Minseok wants to keep him close, tuck him inside of him so they will never separate.

So Minseok puts his hand over Minhyung's that was resting on his cheek. "Won't you kiss me now that I'm awake?"

Minhyung doesn't answer, but him leaning in was answer enough. Minseok closes his eyes, anticipating. Only to open it when the kiss lands on his forehead. It lingers for a moment before Minhyung pulls back.

"You missed." Minseok says, but not really upset.

Minhyung laughs softly. "Sorry, I've been wanting to do that."

The next kiss lands where he first expected it to.

Minhyung leans down slowly, as if giving Minseok a chance to move away. It was too slow, so Minseok meets him half way.

Softly. He kisses him softly, mouth delicate against his, as he was with everything concerning Minseok.

What do I do with this man . Minseok thinks fondly to himself before he tilts his head to the side and presses his lips more firmly against Minhyung. He clutches at him, like the other was about to stand and leave him.

But there was no need for that. Because then Minhyung kisses like he doesn't want to leave. Clutches at him just as tightly. Minseok parts his lips, lets himself be coaxed, and wonders if this is what the sun tastes like. Minseok wants to consume him, all of him, keep him inside of his body so they'd never part. He might just be going crazy.

When they part away Minhyung leans his forehead against Minseok's and gives a breathless laugh. "I like you so much."

A lopsided smile lights up Minseok's face as he giggles. "You like me? Ya, did I just get a downgrade. I thought you loved me?" He asks teasingly.

"Of course, of course. I'm sorry. I love youuu." Minhyung replies and leans in to give him a kiss beside his lips. "I love you." He says again and presses his lips softly below his eye just where his mole was. "I love you." He whispers and kisses Minseok's forehead once again.

He would melt at this point, Minseok thinks to himself. With how warm he feels. With the sun in his grasp, he smiles. "I love you too."

End Notes

sorry if the quality decreased as the fic went on huhu hope u guys still enjoyed itt <33333
guys pls write more fics, i am begging and crying, feed meeeeeee

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